THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 85.

A CHARACTER.

THE reception which was given to the letter published in the last number of the Wanderer induces him to vary his regular essays by another from the same source. Let those who have seen the *original* determine the correctness of the pencil which is held by his friend.

.....

Boston, ——

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.....EUPHRONIA had been educated in the country under the eye of parental fondness, with an attention and assiduity which the romantic retirement of her situation seldom gave cause to interrupt. Her parents had experience of the world. They had moved in the gay walks of public and fashionable life; but they had minds superior to the scene: they sipt at the flower without extracting its poison, and acquiesced without regret to the necessity, which misfortune imposed, of retiring to the shades of the country. In the elegant solitude which her own taste had improved to a little Elysium, the mother of Euphronia reared her only child, the daughter of her hopes, the reward of her virtues, and in her opinion, an ample remuneration for the loss of splendour and the exchange of wealth for competency.

Who could forbear loving this interesting woman. Her husband adored her as the best jewel he possessed. His library and his garden diverted the hours of the day, and the society of his wife and their darling Euphronia gave interest and delight to every avocation. Need it be said that this daughter of affection was endued with every charm that parental fondness could inspire? Possessing by hereditary right a vigorous constitution and an elegant form, the roses of health bloomed on her countenance—the smile of good humour and happiness played on her lips. She learned the duties of life and the dignity of virtue, but had little opportunity for seeing the infelicity of error and the unhappiness of crime.

It was chance only that brought her in company with the elegant Lorenzo. In the prime of life, gay, eloquent and easy, formed to captivate and be pleased, it was impossible but his interesting manners should make an impression on her heart. He was too good a judge of female loveliness and worth to pass over a woman like Euphronia. Her parents sacrificed their desire for their daughter's society, and the personal gratification they derived from her company, to the more liberal and generous sentiment of con-

tributing to her happiness; and with a tear of tenderest affection gave her to the delighted Lorenzo.

The festivity of the wedding diversified in some degree the uniform retirement of her village, and at the expiration of a few days with all the ease of innocence, with all the charms of loveliness and nature, the beautiful Euphronia accompanied her husband to the capital. Lorenzo was educated to a liberal profession. He possessed talents and genius, and he had the concomitant of genius, irresistible ambition. His lofty spirit, kind as a turtle-dove to every inferior, looked with peircing solicitude to superior stations, and acknowledged with no little hesitation the claims and the dignity of more fortunate individuals. It was his glory to move in the sphere of fashionable elegance—to challenge the gaze of admiration and the honours of esteem—to equal the profusion of the affluent, and the style of hereditary wealth. Delighted with the consequence, the eclat, the dignity which the possession of such a woman as Euphronia entitled him to assume, he indulged without reserve his propensity for style, forgetting that professional exertion was not like the possession of public securities, nor the funds of genius of equal currency with those that are drawn from the Bank.

The pleasures of Lorenzo were not the pleasures of a libertine. Noble and generous, he delighted only in those which superadded the charms of taste and refinement, to splendor and profusion. The gaiety of vivacious wit, the sparkling sentiments of brilliancy and genius were the enjoyments to which he aimed, and he mingled in the circles of beauty and fashion to gratify at the same time the refined pleasures of the mind with the licenced and harmless pleasures of sense.

In the magic, the enchantment of the scene, is it to be wondered that the senses of Euphronia were bewildered? Placed in the centre of admiration, gazed at by the old and the young, the noble and the wealthy, envied, flattered and caressed;—innocent and inexperienced—she was beguiled into the love of dissipation, and charmed like a bird to her ruin. The circles of fashion are not to be trodden without danger, and serpents lurk beneath its flowers. Its streams, though apparently clear and smooth and equable, flow in an irresistible current, and the inexperienced adventurer who would only have chosen a little transient diversion on the waters is drawn off by their force, and becomes unable to resist their attraction.

A different situation would have given different sentiments to the lovely Euphronia. The avocations of domestic life would then have been her first pleasures; the family circle her sphere of elegance; and the maternal duties her greatest delight. But giddy by a contrasted elevation and deceived by the professions of friendship which assailed her on all sides, she knew not the misfortunes she was accumulating till the bankruptcy of Lorenzo stunded her into sense.

The woman, who in the distribution of wealth and profusion charmed by her affability and delighted by her elegance, whose smile every one was proud to receive, and whose house it was an honour to visit; who, unlike the giddy butterflies of fashion that have no charm beyond the painted beauty of their wings, could please more by the attractions of her mind than even by the elegance of her manners, and whose dress, however costly and beautiful, derived from the graces of her person more than it gave, was left alone and unfriended in the moments of

misfortune to gather from the recollection of past magnificence the sources of future pleasure.

It was in this gloom and depression that Euphronia discovered the goodness of her heart and the value of the education she had received. But the shock was too powerful for the proud spirit of Lorenzo. His elevated mind aspiring to controul, could never descend to supplicate, and that spirit which had lived upon admiration was unable to endure neglect and disgrace.—Lorenzo was a victim to his own imprudent extravagance——.

Euphronia has retired to a little seat within view of the capital, purchased with the last legacy of her beloved parents. Two lovely children, the pledges of her former love, are imbibing from her wisdom and experience, the lessons of their future lives; and in the enjoyment of a real independence, she derives more satisfaction than all the splendor of fashion or the charms of wealth and dissipation ever had it in their power to bestow.

It was in this state of seclusion that I was by chance introduced to her. Her pleasing manners and elegant address spoke an acquaintance with more elevated scenes.—I inquired her story—I have given you the outlines.....***

For the Emerald.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

This entertaining and venerable writer, whose varied and numerous performances have been received with so general interest and regard, has completed a Supplement to the valuable memoirs of his life. We find in it (says an able and candid reviewer) the same masterly style of composition, shrewd observation and classical taste. In his latter days, he confesses himself to have been even "much more active, as a literary man," than he was before.

"I will only say in general," he remarks "that there is a multiplicity of my unpublished productions written since I came from Spain, which to those, who shall search for them and find them, will evince my industry. The world has such an amiable partiality to dead men's doings, that perhaps, when these embryos shall see the light, and my eyes shall be forever closed against it, I may look to receive a vast deal of mercy and some praise, when I can no longer be the better for either. If our resurrection-critics shall persist to rummage amongst the graves, and carry their eyes like the hare, who sees distinctly only what is behind her, they may probably spy out my shade in the back ground, and bring it into notice. It is naturally to be presumed that, if they would come manfully forward for a living author, the living author would be better pleased; but this he must not expect; the temple of their praise is reared with dry bones and skulls, and till he is a skeleton he cannot be their hero: in this however they are more generous than the legislature, who have given so short a date to the tenure of his copy-right, that, till that is out, the circulation of his works can scarce commence. Now although this mode of dealing may not exactly suit the living man's occasions, yet there is a kind of posthumous justice in it, as it leads him to expect a consideration for what he does some time or other, notwithstanding he shall have done it so much the worse for the discouragement, which he met with whilst he was about it. It also warns him what he is to expect from the company

he lives with, and apprises him of the luxury he is to enjoy, when he is out of their society."

Mr. Haley, the biographer of Cowper, comes under the resentment of our author. The cause appears to be some unfair and illiberal remarks on the celebrated Bentley, whom Cumberland has before exhibited himself, proud of owning for an ancestor. "Mr. Cumberland is evidently displeased, and he chastises Mr. Hayley with the delicacy but severity of Louis XIV. who, when offended by a gentleman in the same room with him, lifted up the window and threw away his stick. '*Volia selon nous des coups de canne bien noblement appliques.*' Mr. Hayley must be dead so sensibility not to feel every one. On paper the *Triumphs of* TEMPER belong to Mr. Hayley, but in practice to Mr. Cumberland."

The following remark on the private advantages and solace of letters is in Mr. C's best style.

"There is no sure way of providing against the natural ills, *that flesh is heir to*, but by the cultivation of the mind. The senses can do little for us, and nothing lasting. When they have for a time enjoyed every thing they can wish for, they will ultimately be led to wish for what they can no longer enjoy. A man who wants mental powers, wants every thing: for though Fortune were to heap superfluities of every species upon him, the very overflowings of prosperity would destroy his peace, as an abundance of things without can never compensate for a vacuity within."

In noticing the style of fashion and manners we find the following good humoured remarks, in that playful yet spirited manner which is natural to the venerable writer.

Sir J. B. Burges has "written some dramas, and if in these he has not exactly struck out what the times are pleased with, it is more than probable he might have struck out something not so good, and pleased them better; or it is but justice to confess that they have all possible consideration for folly, and no great partiality for common sense. It is a gaudy thoughtless age, and they, who live up to the fashion of it, live in a continual display of scenery; their pleasures are all pantomimical; their dinners steam along the columns of every daily paper, and their suppers and assemblies dazzle the guests with tawdry lights, and suffocate them with luscious odours—*natio commoda est*—It must be a surprise upon a plain gentleman, when, in consequence of an invitation from his friend, he drives to the door of what he conceives to be an ordinary street-house, and upon entering it finds himself in an illuminated temple, formed perhaps upon the model of the concluding scene in a harlequin-entertainment. I ought to believe there is a great deal of good taste in all this, as so many fine people are concerned in it, but till I am better instructed I cannot help seeing it in a very ridiculous light. I am told the spectacle of *The Forty Thieves* was a delicious treat: I did not hear quite so good an account of the dialogue; in like manner I read of forty honest gentlemen at least, who set out exquisite entertainments, but nobody records a single syllable of their conversation. It is a lucky circumstance for men of low birth, mean talents, and confined education, that if they can buy good wine, and hire a good cook with plenty of winter roses, green peas and strawberries out of season, they can refresh the bowels of the old nobility, who will walk into a man's house, form their own parties when they are in it, and take no more notice of the master of it, than they would of the landlord of the inn they take post at, or the keeper of the turnpike-gate that they pass through; but there must be luxury in the glare of lustres to a man, who has drudged at his desk by the light of a tallow candle, and how much handsomer must a floor appear to him, when splendidly be-chalked by a capital designer than when besprinkled with a watering pot by a slip-shod apprentice!"

"This *Supplement* is a desultory work, and not without a portion of the garrulity of old age—but it is the old age of Cumberland! Few will rise from the lecture without instruction; none without satisfaction and amusement."

Selected for the Emerald.

ELOQUENT DESCRIPTION OF POMPEIA.

(From a tour in Italy and Sicily, by M. Creuze Delessert, not yet published.)

I HAVE seen almost all the remarkable objects that Italy presents to the view of a stranger; I have seen the Pantheon, Vesuvius, the Colysæum, St. Peter's; I have seen Milan, Florence, Naples, Palermo, Rome; but what I should be most desirous of revisiting is Pompeia.

Pompeia was a middling town of Campania; it is only a small fragment of antiquity, but it is a fragment the most true, the most curious, and the most affecting. It is not like Herculaneum, a series of cellars in which you can see nothing without the aid of imagination; it is actually an ancient town, the inhabitants of which fled yesterday, and in which they are discovered to-day.—What do I say? the unfortunate wretches were cut off from the possibility of flight. The more favoured people of Herculaneum had almost all time sufficient to escape the lava that pursued them; but the ashes, more rapid in their effect, buried in a few moments all Pompeia, together with its whole population.

How could it happen that this town was forgotten for such a length of time, or even for a single day? Scarcely did the ashes rise a few feet above the roofs of its houses, which were by no means lofty. What! had not any of its ill-fated inhabitants a relation or friend in the neighbouring towns that possessed the courage to search for and to rescue some of the unhappy victims from the sepulchre in which they were entombed alive? They would most undoubtedly have succeeded. And why did not the government of that day employ its powerful means in this noble operation? Ah! if in the Alps and other mountains forgotten by nature, unfortunate wretches buried with their cottages forty feet beneath the snow, were disengaged and discovered alive after more than a month, can it be doubted that numerous victims long retained life and hope beneath the ashes of Vesuvius? With what horror must they at length have relinquished both the one and the other? Let due praise be bestowed on the governments of antiquity, but let it not be denied that this circumstance, and many others, prove an indifference towards the misery, and disregard of the lives of men, which no longer exist, at least in Europe. In case of such a catastrophe the worst of modern governments would employ all its efforts, all its resources, and with the chances which were in favour of Pompeia, would rescue many victims from death, and from the utmost fury of still raging volcanoes.

The great road which leads to Pompeia, appears to be almost on a level with its soil. As you approach, you perceive to the left a hill of moderate height, and this is Pompeia, the buried Pompeia, for a very small portion of the town has yet been recovered. You soon reach it, for you have occasion to descend no more than a few feet before you are in the city of the Romans. The first sentiment that is felt on entering this scene of devastation may be considered but not described. The stranger traverses these solitary streets, where he arrives after Vesuvius; his greedy eyes examine every thing; he wishes that he could see the whole at once. These are the houses of the Romans, these their streets, these their manners; there is not a single object but what is remarkable, not a pebble but what is interesting; the most curious of museums is Pompeia.

You first come to the soldier's barracks, which nearly resembles a catholic convent; mills, which were used by them, are still found in several of the apartments; they are of ingenious construction, and there are engravings of them in every collection, but what cannot be engraved is the impression made by the bones of a soldier. You still see the irons with which the unfortunate man was fastened at the moment of the eruption; the judges perished with the accused.

The street which has been cleared is very narrow, it is paved with the lava of Vesuvius; you may still distinguish the tracks of wheels, which prove that the width of the carriages of those days was four feet. There is a foot pavement a yard broad on each side of the street; hence it appears to have been an old custom, and it ought not to have been relinquished.

All the houses are like each other; the smallest as well as the largest have an interior court, with a bathing place in the centre. Almost all are surrounded with a colonnade, and it is worthy of remark, that the same grand taste in architecture still prevails in Italy; a great number of houses in that country have courts with colonnades, almost all Italy stands upon columns. But to return to the houses of Pompeia. Their distribution is very simple and uniform; all the apartments look into the court or towards the peristyle; they are all very small; many of them have no windows, and receive light only at the door, or from an aperture made above. If to this it be added, that these apartments were in general isolated, and had no communication with each other, the reader will have an idea of the houses of the ancients, and will be convinced that many of our poor possess conveniencies superior to those of the rich of that time. It is well worthy of observation, that all the doors are extremely low; and unless the ancients thought fit to stoop whenever they entered a room, it is evident that they were no taller than we are. Here is a new fact to oppose to such as assert that man is continually degenerating.

The Italian taste for painting in fresco is likewise discovered at Pompeia; there are very few apartments but what have paintings of some kind on the walls; several have been already removed, in consequence of a system which I have often censured, but some are still left. The colours must have been excellent, for if a little water be thrown upon them they appear again with some vivacity. These paintings are in general very indifferent, but many are curious on account of the costume of the time, of which they afford a representation, and often the only one that exists; it is in some respect the antiquity of antiquity. Many others exhibit mythological subjects, and are scarcely fit for any thing but to prove how generally was at that time the taste for these ingenious fictions, which even triumph over the abuse that has been made of them, and will ever remain the religion, as it were, of the arts.

Several shops may still be distinguished, and in one of them you may perceive the impression made by cups on the marble with which the counter is covered.

A circumstance which proves the fondness of the ancients for spectacles is, that two theatres have been discovered in the little town of Pompeia. The largest affords a complete idea of the theatres of antiquity, which you may seek in vain to acquire in Herculaneum. It is a semicircular amphitheatre, the numerous seats of which are formed out of the ground itself. This is indisputably the most convenient form for permitting every one to see and to be seen. Such has been in very age the twofold objects of spectacles. Under this term must be comprehended the wrestlers, gladiators, and even the Numachia. It should likewise be observed, that the theatre was almost always the place of assembly for the people, who frequented it as much on matters of business as for pleasure.

Antiquaries greatly admire a small temple of Isis at Pompeia; but there are antique temples in other places, and Roman streets, and Roman houses are to be seen no where else. This temple of Isis is in perfect preservation; you even find the aperture under the spot where stood the statue of the goddess, and through which probably were conveyed the sounds that were ascribed to her. This temple, like every thing discovered here, has been dishonoured; they have taken away and conveyed to the insignificant Portici, Isiac tables, statues, the utensils necessary for the ceremonies, as candelabras, lamps, pateræ, &c.; in a word they have carried off every thing they could; they have not even respected the remains of the ill-fated priests, surprised in the midst of their functions in this temple, which was never intended to be covered, and where, consequently, they had the good fortune to perish immediately.

The more you see of Pompeia the more you regret that this invaluable discovery did not fall into better hands. If this town, dishonoured and mutilated as it is, still excites such a lively interest, what would it have done, if, in the progress of the work of exhumation, the roofs had been replaced, the dilapidations of every kind repaired, and every thing religiously preserved in the place where it was found? This the French government would not have failed to do. I say the French government, because it is acknowledged

that it has possessed since the age of Louis XIV. the noblest public establishments in the universe, and that it still continues to improve and to embellish them.

I think with regret on what it would have done for Pompeia, and on what it would still do; for Pompeia being but partly explored, this plan might be followed for the rest of the town: and if the Neapolitan government were to demand a small sum from the curious, I have no doubt that the produce would more than defray the expence of excavation, and of persons to take care of the place. But my wishes for the execution of this idea, in which I am joined by all the friends of the arts, are stronger than my hopes.

The French, who, 1798, were masters of Naples but for a moment, have left behind them traces of their activity at Pompeia. It produced however, no discovery of importance, and under the circumstances in which their researches were made, they were obliged to carry away every thing they found.

One of the most interesting objects at Pompeia, and that which strangers generally see the last, is a country house that has been discovered at a very little distance from the town. The way to it is delightful, and this only serves to render the tomb into which we descend the more dismal. Yes, the tomb. This building, though the upper part is destroyed, still affords, by its interior construction, a better idea of the houses of the ancients than any other: the very garden is laid open, you see the basons and the divisions. At Pompeia, you only lodge with the Romans, here you may walk with them. You still meet with relics of antiquity; you see amphoræ, once replenished with wine that had undoubtedly survived many consuls; you see—but for my part I could see nothing more after I had visited a subterraneous walk which turns in a square round the garden, and in which were found twenty-seven human skeletons. Here a whole wretched family had time to take refuge; here they awaited that relief which never came, here they long indulged a hope they were at last obliged to renounce; here resounded the cries of terror and the expiring sigh; here horror, hunger, and despair sacrificed their victims. The fiction of Ugolino vanishes before this terrible reality. Among twenty-seven human creatures, undoubtedly all were not equally good, and equally deserving of regret, but assuredly there was in the number one virtuous man, faithful friends, an affectionate mother, and innocent children. There all human sentiments were burst asunder; there, in profound night, and amid cries of anguish, an old man, the chief of a family, bade the last farewell to his son who was seeking him, to his daughter who still supported him, and to his whole generation which perished with him.

And when I was indulged in these heart-rending reflections, when I contemplated in silence this theatre of destruction, the birds were singing over my head, nature was smiling, the sky pure, the air serene, and even the smoke creeping along the blackened sides, and on the turbulent summit of the distant Vesuvius, was scarcely perceptible.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

There is a similitude between the cultivation of a young and tender mind, and that of a garden. The same precautions are necessary to be used. Even the rough gardener perceives how much better he succeeds, when he plants the young shrub with a tender hand; and, instead of tearing by force the noxious weed that entwines the tender twig, he gently lops it off, and takes infinite pains throughout not to destroy, where it is his intention to improve. The reason why flatterers are better received then real friends is, because they endeavour to win upon their prey by softness and persuasion, which gains the confidence of the deluded, and by that means gives power to destroy. Why is not the same assiduity and gentle persuason used by real friends? For though the motives are diametri-

cally opposite, yet the same means would undoubtedly produce the desired effect.

Elegant language certainly gives a captivating force even to divine precepts: yet truth, like innocence, has so many nameless graces, each one powerful enough to arrest our attention, that she must be strangely dressed, indeed, if we can withhold our admiration; and prove that we have fairly run away from her who must inevitably come up with us *at last*, if she runs after us for years.

Etienne Pasquier an old French writer, has the following remark. "To attempt," says he, "to specify, as some pretend to do, whether the excellence of the eye consists in green or black, whether a person of great or small stature is the most estimable, is a real mistake occasioned by the affection we bear to the one or the other; and because we prefer them we wish every body else to conform to our opinion. And to tell the truth, after long reflection on this subject, I protest that I was at last much puzzled to judge and discern whether beauty is the motive of love, or whether love causes objects to appear beautiful. And after turning it a long time in my mind, I am obliged to acknowledge, that love is the only medium of making one object appear more beautiful than another."

"I commonly see," says Montaigne, "that men are more ready to seek the reason than the truth of things which are submitted to them; they pass over the propositions, but they examine the consequences; they leave things and run after causes. These droll reasoners usually begin in this manner:—How did this happen? instead of asking,—Did it really happen?"

"THE WARRIOR—BY OLD NICK."

Crede mihi, militat omnis amans.

: : Ovid. Amor. Lib. 1.

Let others sing of sanguine Mars,
Of deeds in arms, of glory's scars,
In these I would not shine:
Yet I'm a warrior, beauteous maid,
And thou shalt find me not afraid
Of any fight of thine.

A noble thing it is, I've read,
To sleep with fame, in honour's bed;
And faith I think it fine:
Yet how, sweet Emma, 'tis, or why,
I cannot guess, but, may I die,
I'd rather sleep in thine.

Again, they tell of all the charms
Of glorious death in victory's arms,
But never be it mine;
For, as I live, my lovely fair,
Though vanquish'd, still I do declare,
I'd rather die in thine."

ELEGANT CRITICISM.

THE PURPLE LIGHT OF VENUS.

It is extremely difficult to conceive what the ancients meant by the word *purpureus*. They probably designed by it any thing BRIGHT and BEAUTIFUL. Albinovanus, in his elegy on Livia, mentions *Nivem purpureum*. Catullus, *Quercus ramos purpureos*. Horace, *Purpureo bibit nectar*—and somewhere mentions, *Olores purpureos*. Virgil has *Purpuream vomit ille animam*, which Pitt renders a *purple soul*; and Homer calls the sea *purple*, Il. L. 1. 82, and gives it in some other book the same epithet, when in a storm. I am obliged to two classical friends for having furnished me with these, and numerous other instances, in which the meanings are very contradictory.

The general idea, however, has been fondly adopted by the finest writers in Europe. The PURPLE of the ancients is not known to us. What idea, therefore, have the modern affixed to it? *Addison*, in his version of the "*Temple of*

Fame," describes the country as having "*a purple light.*" *Gray's* beautiful line is well known :

"The *bloom* of young desire, and *purple light* of love."

And *Tasso* in describing *Godfrey*, says Heaven,

Gli empie d'onor la faccia, e vi riduce,
Di Giovinezza, *il bel purpureo lume.*

Both Gray and Tasso copied Virgil, where Venus gives to her son Æneas :

——*Lumenque Juventæ*
Purpureum.

Dryden has omitted the *purple light* in his version, nor is it given by Pitt ; but Dryden, perhaps, expresses the general idea, by

——With heads divine
Had form'd his curling locks, and *made his temples shine ;*
And given his rolling eyes *a sparkling grace.*

It is probable that MILTON has given us his idea of what was meant by this *purple light*, when applied to the human countenance, in the felicitous expression of,

"CELESTIAL ROSY-RED."

The Poetical Epithet "LAUGHING."

The natives of Italy and the softer climates, receive emotions from the view of their WATERS in the SPRING, not equally experienced in the roughness of our skies.—The fluency and softness of the water, are thus expressed by Lucretius :

—"Tibi suaveis Dædala tellus
Submittit flores ; *tibi* RIDENT *æquora ponti.*"

Inelegantly rendered by Creech

"The roughest sea puts on smooth looks, and SMILES."

Dryden more happily,

"The ocean SMILES, and smooths her wavy breast."

Metastasio has copied Lucretius,

A te fioriscona
Gli erbosi prati ;
E i fiutti RIDONO
Nel Mar placati.

It merits observation, that the NORTHERN poets could not exalt their imagination higher, than, that the water SMILED ; while the modern Italian, having before his eyes A DIFFERENT SPRING, found no difficulty to agree with the ancients, that the waves LAUGHED. Of late, modern poetry has made a very free use of the animating epithet "*Laughing.*" Gray has "The LAUGHING FLOWERS." LANGHORN, in two very beautiful lines, exquisitely personifies Flora :

"Where Tweed's soft banks in liberal beauty lie,
And Flora LAUGHS beneath an azure sky."

Sir William Jones, with all the spirit of Oriental poetry, has "The LAUGHING AIR,"

But Dryden has employed this epithet very happily in the following delightful lines, which are almost entirely borrowed from his original Chaucer ;

"The morning lark, the messenger of day,
Saluted in her song the morning gray ;
And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
That all THE HORIZON LAUGHED to see the joyous sight.

Palamon and Arcite, book 2d.

HAYDN THE COMPOSER.

A letter from Vienna, dated March 20th, says—"The celebrated Haydn daily feels more and more the infirmities of old age ; and it is not without the most melancholy sensations that he perceives the decay of the brilliant genius which he received from nature. He lately left, as a visiting-card at the house of the Abbe Studler, *Maitre de Chapelle* of the metropolis, a musi-

cal theme, or words to the following effect:— 'My strength forsakes me; the lyre will not sound under my enfeebled fingers,' &c. The Abbe did not fail to take a card the following day to Haydn, to which was also added a musical reply, in these terms:—'Why speak of your age? what you have created, will not pass away; the name of Haydn is immortal.' The music-sellers immediately had both these extraordinary visiting-cards engraved."

COOKE'S UNPARALLELED EXCELLENCE!

In characters new, and in characters old,
Cooke must be allowed a matchless fine fellow;
For act what he will, we are constantly told,
That in every part he is perfectly *mellow!*

ANECDOTE OF GEN. BENNIGSEN.

About two years and a half ago, the general dinned at Wilna, with Dr. Frank, a celebrated physician residing in that city. The conversation having turned upon the abilities of Bonaparte, General Bennigsen observed, that he had attentively studied his different campaigns, that he had traced that general through the plans of all his battles, and that it appeared to him they were generally almost the same. "He copies himself too much," said Bennigsen, and were I ever to command against him, I flatter myself, (without incurring the imputation of vanity,) that I should be able to contend with him. It is a circumstance which can never take place," said he, "I shall never be in that situation; but I feel a conviction that I should be able to defeat this terrible antagonist."—*London paper.*

A MARGATE ADVERTISEMENT.

Of an ass-hirer, whose donkies are alternately employed by ladies and smugglers.

Asses here to be let! for all purposes right,
To bear *angels* by day, and *spirits* by night."

THE BUSINESS OF A WEEK.

A young wag who was on a visit about fifty miles from London, being in want of a remittance, wrote the following whimsical letter:—

'*Dear Father,*

'I write to you this day, which is Monday, and mean to send it by the messenger, who goes from hence to-morrow, Tuesday; he will be in London by Wednesday, and you'll receive my letter on Thursday.—You'll please to let me have some money by Friday, if not, I shall quit this place on Saturday, and be with you on Sunday.

THE WIDOW.

A woman singing ballads for money to bury her husband, gave rise to the following *jeu d' esprit*:—

For her husband deceas'd, Sally chaunts the sweet lay,
And faith it is *singular* sorrow;
But I doubt, since she *sings* for a *dead man* to-day,
She'll *cry* for a *live one* to morrow.

THE ADVANTAGES OF SOLITUDE FOR STUDY.

My Garden neat
Has got a seat
That's hid from every eye, Sir,
There day and night
I read and write,
And *nobody's* the wiser.

A SHORT STORY.

I heard a judge his tipstaff call,
And say, 'Sir, I desire,
You go forthwith, and search the hall,
And send me in my *crier*,'

'And, search, my Lord, in vain I may,'
The tipstaff gravely said:
'The crier cannot *cry* to-day,
Because his wife is dead;

A wealthy lord of Ireland had a goodly faire house new-built, but the broken brickes, tiles, sand, lime, stones, and such rubbish, as are commonly the remnants of such buildings, lay confusedly in heapes, and

scattered here and there; the lord demanded of his survayor, wherefore the rubbish was not conveyed away; the survayor said, that he proposed to hyre an hundred carts for the purpose. The lord replyed, that the charge of carts might be saved; for a pit might bee digged in the ground to bury it. My lord, said the survayor, I pray you what will wee doe with the earth, which we digge out of the said pit? Why you coxcombe, said the lord, canst thou not dig the pit deepe enough and bury all together?

A specimen of the antiquity of Irish BULLS!!!

MR. PITT *and the* DUKE *of* NEWCASTLE.

THE death of George II. caused a great change in the affairs of Europe, & particularly in those of England. That prince had, for some years, been engaged in a war against France, in which he had acquired much glory. Strongly attached to his possessions in Germany which the French had invaded, he pursued with vigour his successes by sea in the most distant regions, and his arms triumphed in all the four quarters of the world.

Mr. Pitt and Duke of Newcastle were then at the head of the English administration. The latter, who had grown old in the ministry, held the first office in the government: but Mr. Pitt, by his eloquence in parliament, by his popularity, by the grandeur of his designs, and the energy of his mind, had obtained such a superiority in the cabinet, that he was in fact prime minister: and governed almost despotically a people who, though little inclined to yield to arbitrary power, are sometimes reduced by their attachment to popular leaders. The Duke of Newcastle had been thirty years in the ministry, and was then at the head of the Treasury: the department which, in England bestows all employments; from which, under the King, flow all favours; and which, from these causes, constitutes the person holding it the prime minister. But Mr. Pitt had silenced the opposition; he formed all the plans for the war; and had left to the Duke of Newcastle the care of finding money to carry these into execution, as well as the pleasure of giving such places, as did not depend upon his measures. They frequently differed in opinion; but Mr. Pitt always carried his point, in spite of the Duke. A curious scene occured on one of the occasions:—It had been proposed to send Admiral Hawke to sea, in pursuit of M. de Conflans. The season was unfavourable, and even dangerous for a fleet to sail, being the month of November. Mr. Pitt was at this time confined to his bed by the gout; and was obliged to receive all visitors in his chamber, in which he could not bear to have a fire. The Duke of Newcastle waited upon him in this situation, to discuss the affair of this fleet, which he was of opinion ought not to sail in such a stormy season. Scarcely had he entered the chamber when, shivering with cold, he said: "What! have you no fire?" "No," replied Mr. Pitt; "I can never bear a fire when I have the gout." The Duke sat down by the side of the invalid, wrapped up in his cloak, and began to enter upon the subject of his visit. There was a second bed in the room: and the Duke being unable to endure the cold, at length said: "With your "leave, I'll warm myself in this other bed;" and without taking off his cloak, he actually stepped into lady Esther Pitt's bed, and then resumed the debate. The Duke was entirely against exposing the fleet in the month of November, and Mr. Pitt was as positively determined that it should put to sea. "The fleet "must absolutely sail," said Mr. Pitt, accompanying his words with the most animated gestures. "It is impossible," said the Duke, making a thousand contortions; "It will cer-"tainly be lost." Sir Charles Frederick, of the ordnance department, arriving just at that time, found them both in this laughable posture; and had the greatest difficulty in the world to preserve his gravity, at seeing two ministers of state deliberating upon an object so important in such a ludicrous situation.

The fleet, however, did put to sea, and Mr. Pitt was justified by the event; For Admiral Hawke defeated M. de Conflans, and the victory was more decisive in favour of the English than any other that was obtained over France during the war.

POETRY.

[*The following lines, the recent production of* BLOOMFIELD, *and written as he says, in an "idle hour," shows he can turn even his idleness to advantage. We have before met with caricatures and sonnets on the novel practice at the watering places in England of the ladies riding on* donkies. *The subject of the satire will be understood without further explanation.*]

NEWS FROM WORTHING.

In a Letter from a Beast of burden to her Brother Jack.

BROTHER Jack I am going to inform you
Of things that ne'er enter'd your head,
And I hope the narration will charm you
Wherever you're driven or led ;

For it grieves me to think of your hampers,
And the cudgel that thumps you behind ;
You have none of my frolics and scampers,
My labour's as light as the wind.

On a fine level, form'd by the tide,
The beach and the ocean between,
Fashion here tells young lasses to *ride*
On the best *walk* that ever was seen.

The sands, brother Jack that's the spot
Were the ladies exhibit their graces ;
There they push me along till I trot,
Midst a circle of giggling faces.

Not one of the party stands idle,
For when I move just like a snail,
One half of them pull at my bridle,
And t'other half push at my tail.

Then up full of frolic and glee,
One will mount, and will scold, and will strike,
And ride me knee deep in the sea,
Where I stop—just as long as I like.

For what are their tricks and manœuvres ?
They may pull me, and haul me, and teize,
But I plague them as they plague their lovers,
O ! I like to do just as I please !

Don't be envious—Hark what I tell—
You would never do here for a *prude*,
Because Jack, you know very well,
You were always inclin'd to be rude;

And if you should set up your braying,
And give them but two or three staves
You would stop all their children from playing,
Or frighten them into the waves !

Sometimes a sick lady will ride me,
More tender and delicate still ;
And employ a poor boy to guide me,
Where I cannot go wrong if I will ;

Then back through the town gently creeping,
We stop at some library door,
Where, nonsense preferring to sleeping,
She loads me with novels a score.

And dear Jack, by the bye, I've long guest,
Though good ladies I've no wish to spite 'em ;
That 'tis *we* bring these books in request
And that some of *our family* write 'em.

But who'd go to boast about that ?
No, I'll finish by telling you true,
That at Worthing we all might grow fat,
And keep the best company too.

So love to you Jack till next season,
I'll be happy as long as I can ;
For an ass that complains without reason
Becomes——just as bad as a man.

EPIGRAMS.

The Grave.

All journey forwards to the self-same place,
Some the *next way*, and some the fastest pace:
Heav'ns ! in his common road, I do not know
care
What *pace* I travel, so my *way* be fair.

Nosce Tpesum.

One bowing to me I'd seen long ago,
Said I, Who art? he said, *I do not know:*
I said, I know thee, I, said he, know you;
But he that knows *himself*, I never knew.

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